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EMANCIPATION VS. SLAVERY.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Little Violet Gray, curled up on the lounge in her room, resting after her hard day's work in the ward schools, heard a knock at the door, and lazily answered, "Come." She fancied it was Jessie, the boarding-mistress's daughter, whom she often helped with her arithmetic lesson in the evening. Jessie was overworked and hard-pressed for time, and it was little chance she had for study. During Miss Gray's year in the house she had learned more than in all her life before.

The door opened slowly, but it was not Jessie who entered. It was, instead, a lady of imposing height and appearance. She was elegantly attired, and held herself with an air which seemed to say, "Behold, I come!"

Violet rose with more haste than dignity from her reclining posture, and with flushing cheeks stood before her imposing guest. "Pray be seated," she said, "and pardon me. I fancied it was a little girl who often comes in my room about this hour."

The imposing presence slowly seated herself, and settled her elegant draperies gracefully.

"You will pardon the intrusion of a stranger, I hope," she said in measured accents and with great deliberation, as if she wished her hearer not to lose a syllable of her speech, "and allow me to present my card. Is may be that my name is not wholly unfamiliar to you."

Violet took the handsome card and read thereon in bold, free letters, "Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith." A flush of pleasure ross to her cheeks as she extended her hand. "Do I then find myself honored by a visit from the well known lecturess?" she asked.

Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith gave a very limp hand to the extended one as she replied, "I am no other than the lecturer whose name you seem to be familiar with. Pardon me for the correction, but, as you know perhaps by my lectures, I am in favor of equal rights and equal freedom for both sexes. Therefore, I object to the terms doctress, lecturess, poetess, etc. Those who adopt a profession are alike doctors and lecturers irrespective of sex. Sex has nothing to do with the matter, and should be ignored so far as the profession goes. Not that I want women to lose their individuality—far from it. No woman need to adopt a masculine attire or a masculine vice, simply because she follows a profession heretofore deemed masculine, but let her sex speak in her dress, in her voice, in her sweetness and grace of manner, and not in any 'ess' tacked upon her professional future."

She paused and looked at Violet. "I understand you," Violet said smiling, "and will remember your injunction in the future."

"And now,' proceeded Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith, "I must proceed to the object of my visit. I am in the city for the purpose of forming an association of intellectual women, a sort of inter-state convention, for the purpose of broadening woman's sphere of thought, and widening her range of vision, and enlarging her opportunities of culture."

"A very excellent undertaking," commented Violet, feeling the need of saying something appreciative.

"So we, who have undertaken it, think," replied Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith. "Our cities are teeming with girls and women who, like yourself, are possessed of much crude talent but have no opportunity to use it, and no real comprehension of their own powers. What we want is to bring them all together, and by the contact of mind with mind, and the broader light poured upon them by minds of higher cultivation, to break down the social barriers that now block their way to fields of greater influence, and means of higher culture. We want you to attend our meetings, and give us your aid."

"But I can do so little," objected Violet, "really nothing at all in such a place. I am afraid I must do my little part in this world very quietly. I fear I am not meant to shine in any great assemblage of talent."

"That is owing to your cramped mode of thought!" responded Mrs. Odessa N. S., with a superior smile. "You are used to this narrow, contracted mode of existence and labor; you shrink from a larger field. You fancy yourself doing your duty, when you are simply throwing away your talents."

Violet flushed and her eyes sparkled. "No," she said, "I am not throwing my life or talents away. I am using them daily for the benefit of unfolding minds. There is no higher, no greater calling than to be an instructor of children. If, to the best of my abilities, and according to my highest impulses, I lead and direct them, I am not throwing my talents away."

Mrs. O. N. S. smiled again her superior smile.

"But if your manner of thought is contracted, as it must be with your limited advantages, and your impulses those of the ordinary trammeled mind, on which the light of emancipation has not yet shone, then you cannot be doing your whole duty by the children. Woman's mind is full of narrow aims and ambitions at the present time; what we want is to get upon the broader platform and reach a higher life. A few of us have attained it, and we are anxious to bring others up to our heights, to free them from the trammels which society and a false education have imposed upon them, to teach them how to be as free as their fellow-men in their mode of life and their choice of a career."

"I am already in favor of woman's enlarged sphere, and I believe in her right to any trade or profession she may choose," answered Violet quietly. "But I do not think we are all fitted for public life."

We are all fitted for something better than these surroundings of yours," said Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith, as she looked about the room with a scarcely concealed shudder. "Ah, my child, you were named to me as a girl of rare force of character and unusual brain. But you are all in embroy yet. Your character is unformed, your tastes lack refinement, your mind is uncultivated. The time will come, if you respond to the call I make upon you to come up higher, when you will shiver at the distasteful life and surroundings that you have left behind you, and regret the wasted talents that were almost thrown away upon unappreciative plebeians. I hope you will take your first step upward by a daily attendance at our meetings. We have arranged the time to accomodate those like yourself engaged in teaching, and our first meeting will be held in Blank's Hall, the first Monday morning of your vacation, two weeks hence. You will have an opportunity to meet some of the rarest minds in the state, for the most prominent of the emancipated sisterhood will be represented on this occasion. I hope to see you there."

With a bow and another light clasp of the hand, Mrs. Nottingham Smith took her departure.

Little Violet was strangely absent-minded when Jessie presented herself that evening; her usual power of concentration, that made her so successful with each moment's duty heretofore, seemed gone, and she felt restless and impatient for the child to go. This mood did not pass with a night's sleep, either. She carried it into the school room the next day, and the next; and she dwelt upon Mrs. Nottingham Smith's words and grew to feel that her life was indeed, a cramped one full of petty aims.

"I am living a dull, narrow, treadmill existence, she said, "and that I have been content with it heretofore and thought myself doing my whole duty only proves how dull my finer feelings and aspirations have become. I might be filling a higher sphere, doing more good, thinking greater thoughts, and associating with a better class of people if I were only—well—*emancipated*. I shall be glad when vacation comes."

Vacation came, and with it the interstate convention of emancipated women. Violet was one of the first to enter Blank's Hall on Monday morning. It filled rapidly, and such a medley of striking people Violet had never seen together before. There were elegant women in long trained dresses, and women with elaborate coiffures, and women with hair "shingled" and parted on one side. And all seemed full of business, and were gathered in little 'cliques,'' and first and foremost and everywhere present was Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith. She smiled a welcome to Violet, and introduced her to Mrs. Jonas Winters, novelist, and the Honorable Mrs. Brown. Violet felt inclined to laugh at the very odd attire of the latter, which was a curious combination of masculinity and feminity; but uncultured though she was, according to Mrs. O. N. S., her training forbade her so to do. She was somewhat surprised, therefore, to hear Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith remark, as the Hon. Mrs. Brown moved away to speak to a newcomer:

"What is the necessity of any woman's making such a guy of herself as Mrs. Brown does? She is really a ridiculous figure, is she not, in that nondescript suit?"

Violet did not answer save to ask the name of the lady who had just entered.

She was a very sweet-faced woman, with so kind a smile and so gracious a manner that Violet felt her heart go out toward her involuntarily. Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith and Mrs. Jonas Winters, novelist, both frowned and drew back with sudden hateur as their eyes fell on the new-comer.

"Really," cried Mrs. Winters, "I was not aware she was coming. I wonder who invited her?"

"Not I," responded Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith, "I can assure you of that. She probably came uninvited. It is like her boldness."

"How lovely she is!" cried impolitic Violet; "please tell me who she is."

Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith frowned more forbiddingly than ever as she turned to answer Violet's query.

"That," she said with cold irony, "is Mrs. Burton. It may be you have heard her name in connection with a scandal which was in every one's mouth a few years ago It may be you were too young to have heard it. I assure you I did not ask her to attend this meeting, and I shall treat her in a way that she will not be apt to come again."

When the meeting was called to order and the preliminaries gone through with, the object of the meeting was discussed, and those who had papers to read were called upon to send their names and the titles of their papers.

It so happened that Violet was seated next to Mrs. Burton, and that lady chanced to address her and they fell into pleasant converse. Violet was charmed with her sweet voice and her gentle manners.

"I cannot associate her with anything evil," she said mentally, "and I believe she is a good, true woman. I don't see why those ladies felt it necessary to tell me she had been a subject of scandal. There are precious few prominent people in the world who have not been more or less scandalizin some way."

Violet was invited by Mrs. Jonas Winters, novelist, to dine with her party at the hotel. Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith had gone to the residence of a personal friend in the city and was not one of the party; as a consequence she came under discussion.

"How like a general she takes the lead," some one present observed.

"Yes, and who would have supposed she would develop as she has?" responded Mrs. Jonas Winters, novelist. "You know before her marriage she was not considered anybody. Her people were poor, and I am told quite illiterate. Her marriage was a fortunate thing for her. It enabled her to step into a position she could never have retained alone."

The tone was kind, the words full of approbation of Mrs. Smith's having made such excellent use of her opportunities. Yet all the same Violet knew the motive that prompted the remark was an unworthy one. It was envy of Mrs. Smith's foremost place in the association, and her power of generalship; and every woman present made a mental note of the fact that Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith sprang from a low family.

The next day Violet chanced to be near a knot of ladies who were nearly all strangers to her. They were discussing a paper which was to be read the following morning by Mrs. Gordon, a woman of marked beauty and brilliancy, who had occupied considerable time the previous day, and won much attention from the reporters who had been present by an eloquent impromptu speech.

"It seems scarcely desirable that one person should monopolize so much time," remarked a lady in bloomers near Violet.

"It is quite probable Mrs. Gordon may not be called upon for her paper," observed Mrs. Jonas Winters quietly. She has done her share I think—we must give all a chance. No doubt the paper is excellent, but we cannot hear all the good things at one session."

"I scarcely see how a woman, who devotes so much time to toilets as does the elegant Mrs. Gordon can do justice to an elaborate paper," observed Madam Bloomer with sarcasm. "If women talk and write on emancipation, I like to see them ustrate it in their lives."

Violet looked for Mrs. Gordon's paper with considerable interest, but it was "unavoidably crowded out," so the minutes said, though several inferior ones could have been better spared, and many aimless discussions might have been omitted with no detriment to the proceedings. But the wire-pullers who had resolved that Mrs. Gordon should not distinguish herself further, succeeded in keeping her paper in the background.

Mrs. Burton, whose sweet and lovable character seemed to breath in every word and act, was by the majorliy of the ladies present treated with cold disdain. Those who had not heard the old scandal connected with her life were informed that one existed, and that the originators of this association "regretted the presence of any person of that kind, as they claimed to be a blameless body."

"But is not the life of this woman beyond reproach now?" queried one daring dissenter. "Surely, whatever may have been her early errors and follies, she cannot be aught but a noble woman and wear the face she does; besides I have heard her highly spoken of by her neighbors."

"Oh, yes; since that old affair she has been very exemplary in her conduct—quite a model of propriety. But you know we do not care to admit a woman to our midst who has been so scandalized. We must maintain the reputation of the convention."

The last meeting of the convention was quite informal. Business being disposed of, and the session at an end, and the next place of meeting fixed upon, and new converts added to their ranks, the ladies made themselves generally agreeable, congratulating each other upon their successes, and the general uplifting and "cultivating" effect of the session.

Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith sought out Violet Gray.

"My dear," she said, "I do not see your name among our new members. I fear we have fixed upon a place so far distant you will not feel that you can attend; but you know we want to give this rare opportunity to all alike. I trust however, you have derived some benefit this session."

"I have in one way," answered Violet frankly, "I shall more than ever feel content in my own little sphere, and never sigh after a larger field; for I find as much that is noble in my own narrow life, as much that must be appreciated by the Great Ruler, and less that is unworthy and belittling, than I find in the lives of many of these emancipated women."

"Really!" cried the amazed Odessa; "really, Miss Gray, I must ask you to explain so strange an assertion. What have you heard at this session of the finest minds in two states, that can be termed 'belittling,' I pray?"

"Gossip and malice," responded Violet quietly, "just what we are apt to hear where any large number of women meet together. I should have been prepared for it at a sewing circle or a meeting of society women, but I confess I was unprepared to find in this 'emancipated' congregation of fine minds. One of the first things to greet my ear was an old, dead and cold scandal concerning the most lovable and womanly member of the association. Next I heard of the low origin of one of the prominent members. Then I happened to overhear a few wire-pullers plan to keep a brilliant woman in the background, and they succeeded. I also heard an elegantly attired woman sneer at the masculine garb of one of her sister associates, and the sister associate in turn condemned the fashionable dress of still another. This is not emancipation from woman's trammels—this is not reaching the platform men occupy. Men do not meet at conventions to backbite and criticise, to rake up old scandals. They meet to exchange views, to combat each other if need be, squarely and fairly, but in good open warfare. You may succeed in opening the trades and professions to women by your papers and your speeches; but you will never succeed in becoming truly *emancipated* from the worst hindrance to woman's true culture and growth until you rise to the moral height that scorns gossip, and puts all scandal and talebearing and personal envy and jealousy down in the dust under your feet, where it belongs. You will never become broad-minded, as you desire to be, until you feel yourself so strong and safe and sure in your own unsullied virtue and moral worth, that you are not afraid to meet and exchange views with one whose past life may have been darkened by a cloud. I do not say, admit or countenance untrue women to your midst; far from it. But I do say, treat women like Mrs. Burton with all due kindness, and encourage them to live the good life, and think the noble thoughts they are striving to, instead of holding back your garments and retailing to every new comer some old tale of error. These are a few of the things that impressed me unfavorably, with your own doubt at the bottom of the excellent project, Mrs. Smith, and now I shall go back to my little round of duties, praying more fervently than ever to be kept from all envying and striving after vain glory, and more than ever content and satisfied with the work given me to do."

"A strange crotchety young person," Mrs. Odessa Nottingham Smith was heard to call Miss Violet Gray, in speaking of her. "She seemed to possess latent powers, and an odd command of language, which was quite remarkable in its way. But there was no culture, and really, yes, really her tastes seemed distressingly low. No appreciation of higher things, you know, and curiously content with her common duties. Impossible to emancipate her."

"Poor Violet!—*Demorest's Magazine.*

There never was such a coin as a "bit" in the United States. The Spanish coins formerly circulated freely in the South, and one of them, of the value of 12½ cents, was generally known as a "bit." This custom spread throughout the West, and forty years ago this coin, if the pillars on the face of it were fresh and unworn, was called a "long bit," but if worn smooth it was called a "short bit" and was worth but 10 cents. The American dimes also came to be called "short bits."

Origin of Familiar Phrases.

THE LAST FEATHER WHICH BREAKS THE HORSE'S BACK.

This phrase was first written by Bramhall in 1655, in consequence of a conversation between Hobbes and himself, but was not published until 1655. The paragraph in which it appears (Abp. Bramhall's "Vindication of True Liberty Against Mr. Hobbes") is as follows: "The last dictate of the judgment concerning the good or bad that may follow on any action is not properly the whole cause, but the last part of it, and yet may be said to produce the effect necessarily in such manner as the last feather may be said to break a horse's back, when there were so many laid on before as there wanted but that to do it."

DURANCE VILE.

This literary will-o'-the-wisp has been traced to Burns and Smollett. It originally appeared, however, in Johnes' "Froissart." Describing the capture of St. Venant, in 1383, by the troops under the command of the Bishop of Norwich, Froissart says that Sir William de Melle, who defended the place, was permitted by his captor to return to France as a prisoner on parole, "according to the manner in which all French and English gentlemen behave to one another in similar cases; but not so the Germans, who, whenever they take a prisoner, throw him into *durance vile*, loaded with irons, in order to gain a more considerable ransom."

THUG.

The word "thug," now so generally used to denote the "shoulder-hitters" and thieves of our cities, is derived from the Hindoo *thugna*, to deceive.

EMERALD ISLE.

The epithet, as applied to Ireland, was first used by Dr. William Drennan, author of "Glendalloch," and other poems, who was born at Belfast May 23, 1754. The phrase occurs in his beautiful poem entitled "Erin," from which a stanza is quoted below:

Arm of Erin! prove strong, but be gentle as brave,
And, uplifted to strike, still be ready to save;
Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause, or the men, of the Emerald Isle.

To the words "Emerald Isle" Dr. Drennan has added the following note: It may be puerile to lay claim to a priority of application in the use of an epithet; but poets, like bees, have a very strong sense of propriety, and both are of that irritable kind as to be extremly jealous of any one who robs them of their hoarded sweets. The sublime epithet which Milton used in his poem on the Nativity, written at fifteen years of age, 'His thunder-clasping hand,' would have been claimed by him as his own, even after he had finished 'Paradise Lost.' And Gray would prosecute as a literary poacher the daring hand that would presume to break into his orchard and appropriate a single epithet in that line, the most beautifully descriptive which ever was written:

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn'."

PETER'S PENCE.

Offa, a Saxon prince, to ingratiate himself in favor of the sovereign Pontiff, engaged to pay him a yearly donation for the support of an English college at Rome; and, in order to raise the sum, he imposed a tax of a penny on each house possessed of thirty pence a year. This imposition, being afterward levied on all England, was commonly denominated Peter's Pence.

TRUE BLUE.

The first assumption of this phrase was led by the Covenanters, in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I., and hence it was taken up by the troops of Leslie and Montrose in 1639. The adoption of the color was one of those religious pedantries into which the Covenanters, in a pharisaical observance of the scriptural letter and the usage of the Hebrews, distinguished themselves. And thus they named their children Habakkuk and Zerubbabel, and their chapels Zion and Ebenezer. They decorated their persons with ribbons, because the following sumptuary precept was given in the law of Moses: "Speak to the children of Israel, and tell them to make themselves fringes on the borders of their garments, putting in them ribbons of blue." Numbers, xv., 38.

OLD HARRY.

The popular attributes of the evil one were a human form, with horns, tail, and a cloven foot. These are very probably derived from the Grecian fables, and from the representations of the Greek satyrs and Roman fauns—the gods of the mountains and groves; and it is also probable that "Old Harry" was originally "Old *Hairy*." The satyrs were said to have hair like goats. "Shock" is a head of rough hair—a rough-haired dog. So there is doubtless an affinity between "Old Harry" or "Old Hairy," and "Old Shock," the English name given to the demon supposed to haunt the roadsides and wild pathways. "The Lord Harry" may allude to the Scriptural terms, the god of the world," the Prince of the powers of darkness.

JUST THE CHEESE.

This familiar vulgarism, used in commendation of a thing, it is a mere orientalism, meaning "just the thing," from cheez, Hindostanee for "a thing."

GONE TO POT.

The phrase comes from a tailor in Samarcand, who, living near a cemetery, had an earthen vessel on his counter into which he cast a pebble whenever a corpse was carried past, and thus kept account of the daily interments. At last his own time came, and his neighbors on inquiry after him replied, "He's gone to pot, also."

TO GO THE WHOLE HOG.

Generally set down as an Americanism, but undoubtedly of Irish origin. Previous to the year 1825, when the Irish metallic currency was completely assimilated to the English, the silver shilling circulated in Ireland was equivalent to thirteen copper pennies, whereas a silver shilling of England was of the value of 12 pence. In Ireland the shilling was sometimes called "a thirteen," from the number of pence it contained, and was sometimes called "a hog." When a man had a convivial idea of spending an entire shilling on a friend, which figuratively meant that he would not be chary of expense, he was said to "go the whole hog."

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—Samuel Smiles.

What the Ancients Thought of the Moon.

But the children of these tropic lands did something more than gaze, speculate and admire; with supreme patience they reared lofty towers and grand pyramids, and invented instruments which have led us step by step to the transit instrument, the micrometer, and the telescope of to-day. A college of astronomy was founded by the priesthood of Egypt, the worship of the moon growing out of their frequent use of her pictured or carved image in making their meteorological announcements to the people; as for instance, when the Nile was about to overflow, warning heralds were sent through the streets bearing aloft the familiar symbols of the river goddess and a gilded figure of the moon in the phase it would present at the date of the expected rising.

In the course of time, the signification was forgotten, the symbol was worshiped, and finally what it represented deified. The moon no longer appeared to the unlettered populace as merely a brilliant lamp suspended from a revolving dome, and shining until extinguished by the waters of the ocean, but now was looked upon with awe as a region of sublime mysteries.

This veneration of the moon gradually spread with population to all parts of the world. We have records of ancient Chinese ceremonials; relics found among Druidical remains in Western Europe; accounts of astronomical picture-writings of a religious character, and lunar calendars of gold, silver and stone, discovered in ancient temple-ruins in Mexico, Central and South America.

Among the buildings devoted to lunar worship may be mentioned the wonderful Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, built at the combined expense of the nations of Asia, and the magnificent mansion of the moon, adjoining the Temple of the Sun, in ancient Cuzco; this building was in form a pyramidal pavilion, with doors and inclosures completely incrusted with glittering silver. Within, on the southern wall, was a painting in white, presenting the moon as a beautiful woman; on either side, along the eastern and western walls, on massive thrones of silver, were seated the dead queens of Peru, embalmed and arrayed in regal splendor.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Evidence of a Soul.

Perhaps one of the most positive proofs that we have of the soul's independence of the body, is our great need of love and of something to love. Were we mere animals, creatures doomed to perish after a few brief years of life in this world, that which contents the brute would content us. To eat and sleep well, to have an easy time of it, would be enough. As it is, we may have these things, and health to enjoy them and yet be utterly wretched. Neither can mental food satisfy us. "Some one to love" is our heart's cry. When the atmosphere of tenderness is about us, we rejoice; when people are harsh and unkind, we suffer. We begin life, wishing to love all people, and believing that they love us. Experience hardens us. Our dear ones grow fewer; but, as long as reason lasts, we must love some one, we must at least imagine that some one loves us. The parents, sisters and brothers and that dearest friend whom we promised to love and cherish until death, these come into our lives and fill them up. Afterward come the little children, frail, helpless babies, who need our care so much, and friends to whom we are not kin, yet who grow dear to us. Some have many loved ones, and some but one. Heaven help those who have none, though they are generally to blame for their own empty heartedness; for kindness will win love. They are always wretched, and they often show their craving for something to love by cherishing some dumb animal, such as a dog, a kitten, a parrot, on which they lavish caresses which, better spent, would have bound some human heart to theirs. Pride or morbid sensitiveness may have been at the bottom of their loneliness, and these pets fill the aching void a little. Some one to love! It is the cry of the human soul, the note to which every heart responds; the bond which will bind us all together in that world where mourners shall be comforted and love shall reign forever.

Hygienic Value of Mirth.

But, aside from all this, mirth has an hygienic value that can be hardly overrated while our social life remains what the slavery of vices and dogmas has made it. Joy has been called the sunshine of the heart, yet the same sun that calls forth the flowers of a plant is also needed to expand its leaves and ripen its fruits; and without the stimulus of exhilarating pastimes perfect bodily health is as impossible as moral and mental vigor. And, as sure as a succession of uniform crops will exhaust the best soil, the daily repetition of a monotonous occupation will wear out the best man. Body and mind require an occasional change of employment, or else a liberal supply of fertilizing recreations, and this requirement is a factor whose omission often foils the arithmetic of our political economists.

To the creatures of the wilderness affliction comes generally in the form of impending danger—famine or persistent persecution; and under such circumstances the modifications of the vital process seem to operate against its long continuance; well wishing nature sees her purpose defeated, and the vital energy flags, the sap of life runs to seed. On the same principle an existence of joyless drudgery seems to drain the springs of health, even at an age when they can draw upon the largest inner resources; hope, too, often baffled, at last withdraws her aid; the tongue may be attuned to canting hyms of consolation, but the heart cannot be deceived, and with its sinking pulse the strength of life ebbs away. Nine-tenths of our city children are literally starving for lack of recreation; not the means of life, but its object, civilization has defrauded them of; they feel a want which bread can only aggravate, for only hunger helps them to forget the misery of ennui. Their pallor is the sallow hue of a cellar-plant; they would be healthier if they were happier. I would undertake to cure a sickly child with fun and rye-bread sooner than with tidbits and tedium.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

The Style.

Though it would seem that the people of all countries are equally vehement in the pursuit of this phantom, style, yet in almost all of them there is a strange diversity in opinion as to what constitutes its essence; and every different class, like the pagan nation, adores it under a different form. In England an honest citizen packs up himself, his family, and his style in a buggy or tim-whisky, and rattles away to spend Sunday. A baronet requires a chariot and pair; a lord must needs have a barouche and four; but a duke, O! a duke, cannot possibly lumber his style along under a coach and six, and half a score of footmen. This style has ruined the peace and harmony of many a household, for no sooner do they set up for style, than all the honest old comfortable *sans ceremonie* furniture is discarded, and you stalk cautiously about, amongst the uncomfortable splendor of Grecian chairs, Egyptian tables and Etruscan vases. The vast improvement in furniture demands an increase in the domestic establishment, and a family that once required two or three servants for convenience, now employs half a dozen for style. Bell Brazen was one of these patterns of style; and whatever freak she was seized with, however preposterous, was implicitly followed by all who would be considered as admitted in the stylish arcana. She was once seized with a whim that tickled the whole court. She could not lay down to take an afternoon loll but she must have one servant to scratch her head, two to tickle her feet, and a fourth to fan her delectable person while she slumbered. The thing took—it became the rage, and not a sable belle in all Hayti but what insisted upon being fanned, and scratched and tickled in the true imperial style. Sneer not at this picture, my most excellent townswomen, for who among you but are daily following fashions equally absurd.—*Irving.*

Cotton Thread.

What a vast business it is to make a *spool* of cotton, very few people have any idea. Though an article costing but a trifle, hardly one could be mentioned that represents such an amount of wealth and work. It is true Nature has provided an exquisite material from which to make it, still the real value of the staple has been given to it by human labor, skill, enterprise and capital, without which not a single spool of cotton could ever have been produced, at a price which places it within the reach of all.

It is said that a woman began the manufacture of sewing thread in 1722, and it would be eminently proper that the idea should have taken its starting point from that sex, through whose hands nine-tenths of the thread passes that is used. Paisley has the honor of being the first town that embarked in the business, although there the beginnings were small. It was called "nun's thread," was made of flax, and so rapidly increased in popularity that it was not long before it became an important branch of manufacture. The beginning was in 1730.

But what is this small beginning compared with the modern cotton thread factory? It would be a long story to tell the marvelous growth of this department of business, or to give any detailed account of the process of its manufacture. But modern skill and modern machinery have brought this to as near perfection as possible, and nothing will repay better any intelligent person for the time and labor spent than a visit to a well-ordered and equipped thread factory, where they will see the multifarious and intricate processes of thread-making, and realize as never before to what perfection modern invention, skill and enterprise have reduced this and other branches of industry.

Does the World Miss Any One?

Not long The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who today are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of men in a few months, or at farthest in a few years after the grave has closed upon their remains.

We are shedding tears above a new-made grave and wildly crying out in our grief that our loss is irreparable, yet in a short time the tendrils of love have entwined around other supports, and we no longer miss the one who has gone.

So passes the world. But there are those to whom a loss is beyond repair. There are men from whose memories no woman's smile can chase recollections of the sweet face that has given up all its beauty at death's icy touch. There are women whose plighted faith extends beyond the grave, and drives away as profane those who would entice them from a worship of their buried lovers.

Such loyalty, however, is hidden away from the public gaze. The world sweeps on beside and around them and cares not to look in on this unobtruding grief. It carves a line and rears a stone over the lead, and hastens away to offer homage to the living. It cries out weepingly, "Le roi est mort," but with the next breath exclaims joyously, "Vive le roi."

Mrs. Garfield on Woman's Work.

Several years ago, Mrs. Garfield, finding herself obliged to make her own bread, wrote to her husband about it, saying that while she was one day at work, a great triumph came to her, through her making this reflection: "Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?" She went on to write that the sunshine seemed flowing down from her spirit into the white loaves, making the very bread seem better, and rendering her like the "regal master" where she had before been the "slave of toil." She then proceeds to give her ideas of woman's work, in the following words of sound philosophy: "Now, I wonder if right here does not lie the 'terrible wrong,' or at least some of it, of which the woman suffragists complain. The wrongly educated woman thinks her duties a disgrace, and frets under them, or shirks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocations, and thinks it is the kind of work he does which makes him grand and regnant; whereas, it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which and the spirit in which he does it."

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THE CONVENTION OUTLOOK.

The call for the National Convention to meet here in September has been issued and published in the associated pross despatches, and its republication is not now called for in our columns.

The necessity for such a convention is obvious. That the Negro still has a cause even the most superficial observer will not deny. That he is still deprived of the fruit of his labor in many sections of our country; that he is the victim of the spirit of caste; that his civil and political rights are not fully enjoyed; that even in the house of his friends, the Republican party, he does not receive that consideration to which his votes and service should entitle him; that as a class he is ignorant and poor, and for this reason discriminated against, needs but to be stated.

On the other hand the conscientious student of history is forced to admit that the full and free enjoyment by the Negro of all the rights of citizenship with all that appertains to him as an ntegral part of the social structure will only be the result of years, if not of generations, of persistent and united effort. This effort to be effective must be organized and intelligently directed. Organization follows in the wake of conference and deliberate action. Herein lies the work of conventions. It matters not what our past conventions have been, or are now likely to be. They are indispensably connected with the idea of the organic action which is essential to our future well being.

It would be a great waste of precious time and money for any convention to meet here for temporary or partisan advantages. The evils from which we suffer are too deep-seated, too chronic to be removed by any such spasmodic agency. The work before us is as vast and much more difficult than that which confronted the pioneers of the anti-slavery movement. It calls for the most active brain, the most unflagging and untiring energy, the most heroic courage, the most determined will to insure success. Without these, failure is certain.

The Convention should be a representative one. In our opinion it will not be such if held in Washington, for the reason that the people in many sections, as evidenced in their newspapers, are opposed—aye prejudiced to its being here in Washington. This being a fact the call will not meet the attention its importance demands, and the result will be that the Convention, if it assembles here, will not register at its best the current thought, opinions and feelings of the American Negro. We will not be surprised if the action of the committee in calling the Convention to meet here is not most strongly condemned, notwithstanding the influential names appended to the call.

THE ECHO'S RAVINGS.

The Savannah *Echo* has a leader entitled "Political slaves defending their bosses," in which it indulges in its usual long-winded talk about the shortcomings of the "G. O. P.," as it terms the Republican party, and about the party's colored slaves "gagged," "bribed" and "muzzled." The provocation for the recent expectoration of the *Echo* is our challenge for its evidence that Jack Brown, for pecuniary consideration, successfully exerted his influence in behalf of certain colored men from Georgia who are clerks in the Departments of this city. It replies by an uncalled for homily upon bossism and corruption in republican ranks. Were we to admit much of the corruption stated, what has that to do with the specific charge in question?

The *Echo*, independent as it is in politics, and we have nothing to say against it in this respect, cannot be influential and be independent of moral law. If it makes a charge it must establish it by indisputable testimony. Its *ipse dixit* amounts to nothing. Let it make good its charges or remain silent. The burden of proof lies with it. Billingsgate is not argument and the sooner it learns this fact the better.

THE ADVOCATE makes no parade of its virtues or of its independence; but we think that it is willing to stand by its accord for its consistent and conservative course on all public matters affecting the welfare of the Negro-American and compare notes with the *Echo*.

We do not defend the failure of all republican administrations to give the Negro all the recognition to which his numerical strength and his sacrifices for the republican party entitle him. We believe, sooner or later, unless the Republican party does give the Negro his due, notwithstanding what the party has done for him in the past, the Negro will desert it and then its days will be numbered.

We consider the employment of government employes in the discharge of personal service as an abuse that should be made punishable by law. We regard the Freedmen's Bank business almost a calamity, for which we hold the individuals who were at the head of the bank during its wild-cat investment period, directly responsible; but we do not hold the government, who had no officer to superintend or supervise its management, at all responsible for its ceasing. We are as much opposed to office-broking as the *Echo* can be, and when we are convinced of the guilt of Col. Jack Brown or any one else, we will go as far as our contemporary to hold him up to public scorn, regardless of his antecedents in Georgia, or whether he supports the candidates of the *Echo* for office or opposes them. THE ADVOCATE is not under any obligations to Col. Brown or any other politician for its existence, or the shaping of its policy.

EX-SENATOR BRUCE DECLINES.

There is something more significant in the request made, by two of the most distinguished gentlemen "out of politics," of Senator Bruce, to permit his name to be used as a candidate for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency, on the Prohibition ticket in 1884, than would at first thought appear. The subject of temperance has assumed an importance which must commend it to "honorable mention" at least in the platforms of all political parties. The temperance elements which have heretofore been straggling and ofttimes inactive, are beginning to crystalize and concentrate into some tangible form. It may have been on this account that Senator Bruce weighed the subject well before making a positive declination. He must recognize the importance of temperance and the wholesome effect it would produce upon the colored people; but it seems also that a movement of that character, arrayed against the party of freedom and equality, and at a time when success is impossible and when the democrats are wildly boasting of the humiliation to which they will soon subject the colored people—when all colored people will be shut out from the halls of legislation, the courts of justice and the executive departments—Senator Bruce deems close adherence to the Republican party the best way of showing his regard for temperance and the rights of his race. Besides, it is hardly advisable to submit to political martyrdom when there is no chance of a glorious resurrection. Senator Bruce shows great wisdom and sagacity in refusing to "bob up serenely" at the call of Prohibitionists *just at this time.* When the Prohibition party shall have grown strong in policy and adherents, should our most influential men be called to accept the first or second place, on the National ticket, it might be well enough; but not just now. The temperance question means less whiskey, which is all very good as far as it goes; but Republican success means more. It means equality and justice; it means a free ballot, a full vote and a fair count. It means republicanism with prohibition if *possible*; if not, why then, republicanism *straight*. Ex-Senator Pomeroy is and has always been a friend of the colored people and Dr. Stoddard may be equally magnanimous, but we submit that Senator Bruce can not afford to entertain the proposition.

As IN more than one of the colored press the name of Mr. J. W. Cromwell has been mentioned as being behind the scenes in manipulating for the proposed National Convention to be held here, we take the liberty to say that he has had no determining influence whatever, either in originating or shaping the action thus far had. He did attend the final meeting of the committee and represent to them that the people, as voiced in his exchanges, were against the Convention being held here, and since the call he has issued the following circular to ascertain more definitely the wishes of the colored press in the matter:

DEAR SIR:—The convention has been called to meet at Washington, notwithstanding the popular outcry as manifested in the majority of the colored papers, against its being held here. Although the move orginated with and is wholly in the hands of the citizens of this District. I, a citizen of a state having a large colored population, ventured to attend their committee yesterday and informed them of the objection raised against it being here at the National Capital.

I am satisfied that if there is some well considered action promptly taken. the call will be amended, so far as the time and place are concerned. But prompt and united action is needed,

The following places have been prominently named by more than one paper, Louisville, Cincinnati, Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta and Richmond, as well as Washington.

Please, in your next issue, give the names of the cities in the order of your preference, the favorite one, first, the most objectional one being last, and send a marked copy to Hon. Frederick Douglass.

Truly yours,
J. W. CROMWELL.

THE benefit due Mrs. G. W. Price, of this city, by the Knights of Wise men, was received this week. On account of confusion and decrease in the membership, the amount paid is only $229 30. It should have been $2,000. This is the first death benefit we know of being paid in this city.—*Charlotte Messenger.*

WE commend this to the consideration of the lodges at Richmond, Norfolk, Portsmouth, and the north which still have faith in this unfortunate concern. At the same we call their attention to the inducements held out by the Council of Honor, whose headquarters are in this city, with respect to which full information may be obtained by addressing, Mr. F. L. Cardozo, 1463, Pierce Place.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The colored men of Kentucky will meet on the thirty-third at Lexington, and elect their delegates to the National Convention.

WE hereby acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the commencement exercises of the Hampton Normal school on the 24th instant.

THE time for the meeting of the Press Convention draweth nigh and the St. Louis papers show unusual vitality and regularity. The *National Tribune* we have not before seen for six months.

OUR contemporary, *National View*, has entered upon its fifth volume, still holding to the principles with which the Greenback party menaced our financial system some years past. While we may not admire all the financial dogmas of *The View*, we join hands with it in opposition to all subsidizing of corporations and in its warfare upon railroad usurpations and other monopolies.

It is about time for Prof. Greener to be a little more discreet, and not again publicly declare, as he has previously done, that *he* knows more than any other young colored man of to-day, about what the colored men of the past have done, without he also informs us that he purposes to give us in book form the rich treasures of this incomparable information.

THE young colored men of Tallahassee, Florida have found a Reading Room and Debating Association and desire the aid of the benevolent in the way of donations of books, periodicals, and money to help defray current expenses. The president is Rev. J. R. Ballard, a native of Philadelphia, Pa., who resided here some years past. The treasurer is Mrs. M. E. C. Day to whom contributions should be sent.

COMMISSIONER EDMONDS is a lawyer. He knows that the powers of the Police Board are now vested in the Commissioners. He knows that there is a contingent fund for the relief of policemen disabled while in service or in the line of duty. Will he tell us then why is it he cannot see his way clear to assist policeman Thompson, who is now blind because of injuries received while in active service? The question is an easy one, Mr Commissioner.

THE proceedings of the Irish Convention last week will commend themselves to the good judgment of the American people and the world. The address and the resolutions were ringing, outspoken, pertinent, but not violent or menacing. The idea of a comprehensive organization in which all the friends of justice to Ireland can meet on a common platform shows the Irish movement in America has reached that stage of development when it will enforce such a respectabilty here as will eventually get it a hearing, and win concession in Westminister Hall.

Mr Nash did not tell us what is fact. That in the case of Rev. W. H. Rogers, "in color of the densest black," recently admitted to the ministry of the M. E. Church, side by side with an ex-confederate, that it was with the distinct understaning that Mr. Rogers should not remain in the Newark (a white) conference, but be transferred to the Delaware (a colored) conference. Rev. Lankford, formerly of the A. M. E. Church, was also received in an Indiana (white) conference of the M. E. Church with the distinct understauding that he should be assigned to duty in the Kentucky (colored) conference. Still there is no color-line.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich, will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

The "Blue Laws."

That our readers may fully understand the nature of the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, about which so much has been said, we publish them below in full. In early times statute books containing hundreds of pages of law were not deemed necessary to keep the feet of the people in the straight and narrow path that leads to salvation. The laws, though few, were to the point, and were not so liable as at the present time to be twisted by lawyers to suit the exigencies of any case that might arise. They are so plain that "he who runs may read." The laws of Virginia were almost identical with those of Connecticut. The following are the Connecticut laws:

The governor and magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power under God of this independent dominion.

From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

The governor is amenable to the voice of the people.

The governor shall not have a single vote in determining any question, except a casting vote, on which the assembly shall be equally divided.

If any person turn Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return but on pain of death.

No Catholic priest shall abide in this dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return.

Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No one to cross a river, but with an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her children on the Sabbath or on fasting days.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by his oath.

No one shall buy or sell land without permission of the selectmen.

Words of Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making the first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing we must not stand shivering on the brink, and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting the nice chances. It did well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon a publication for 150 years, and then live to see it succeed six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is 60 years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no time left in which to follow their advice. There is such little time for oversqueamishness at present, the opportunities so easily slip away, the very period of his life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculations.

Loveliness in Woman.

Loveliness in women, though it may vary in its character and manifestations in different periods of life, is not the property of youth only. There is a great and undeniable charm in the fresh beauty of eighteen, to which perhaps inexperience and early romance lend an additional fascination. A pretty girl of that age, who has been untouched by care, and who knows of the world through imagination only, is a very delightful object; and many men are anxious to take captive her first affections.

Between eighteen and twenty-two, the changes of a girl, so far as the charm of her person go, are not likely to be great; but in that time, by intercourse with society and by natural development, she may grow more companionable for men of manturity, find her carriage and self-control better and greater. These are important years in a young woman's life, the years during which in our climate a majority of her sex are married.

And yet, from twenty-two to twenty-five or twenty-six, a maiden may and generally does still further advance in attractiveness and adds to her store of charms. She is still young, but she has outlived many youthful fancies, and feels some of the dignity of womanhood. No better ages than those in a woman's life and never is she lovelier.

But why stop at twenty-six? What fairer women are to be found than those between twenty-six and thirty, and even older?

Two Valuable Inventions.

The *Virginia* (Nev.) *Chronicle* gives the following description of two inventions, by residents of Nevada, both of which will have a tendency to ameliorate considerable suffering in the world.

A BARBER'S MUZZLER.—This is a very servicable contrivance, which can be fastened over a barber's mouth to prevent his talking while shaving customers. It is made of iron, padded inside, and can be fastened securely so as to cover the whole mouth. It is furnishsd with clamps and screws which are fixed at the back of the head. Price, $2,50. Those furnished with a lever attachment for breaking the barber's jaw come at $3. The plates which fit on the cheek are of the best chilled steel.

THE BONNET GRAPPLE.—This little machine is destined to be of great service to theater-goers. It is an ordinary grappling-hook with a rope attached. The grapple is thrown over a lady's bonnet which may happen to obstruct the view, and the crowd behind may be depended upon to pull the rope. It sometimes disfigures the lady's face permanently, in which case she never returns to obstruct the view again.

Wells' "Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure, Corns, warts, bunions.

What is the first business of one who studies philosophy? To part with self-conceit. For it is impossible for any one to begin to learn what he thinks he already knows.

Thirty Reasons for the Abolishment of Alcoholic Drinks.

1. They deprive men of their reason for the time being.
2. They destroy men of the greatest intellectual strength.
3. They foster and encourage every species of immorality.
4. They bar the progress of civilization and religion.
5. They destroy the peace and happiness of tens of thousands of families.
6. They reduce many virtuous wives and children to poverty.
7. They cause many thousands of murders.
8. They prevent all reformation of character.
9. They render abortive the strongest resolutions.
10. The millions of property expended are lost.
11. They cause the majority of the cases of insanity.
12. They destroy both the body and the soul.
13. They burden sober people with millions for the support of paupers.
14. They cause immense expenditures to prevent crime.
15. They cost sober people immense sums in charity.
16. They burden the country with immense taxes.
17. Because moderate drinkers want the temptation removed.
18. Drunkards want the opportunity removed.
18. Sober people want the nuisance removed.
20. Tax payers want the burden removed.
21. The prohibition would save thousands now falling.
22. The sale exposes our families to destruction.
23. The sale exposes our persons to insult.
24. The sale upholds the vicious and idle at the expense of the industrious and virtuous.
25. The sale subjects the sober to great oppression.
26. It takes the sober man's earnings to support the drunkard.
27. It subjects numberless wives to untold sufferings.
28. It is contrary to the Bible.
20. It is contrary to common sense.
30. We have a right to rid ourselves of the burden.

How He Deposed a Chief.

Governor McCook once caused the deposition of a Ute chief named Colorow, in the following manner:

During his administration, Colorow and a band of Utes came to a post town and camped on the outskirts. One day the chief sent word that he wanted a new tent. McCook despatched an agent to see what condition Colorow's tent was in; the report was that he did not need a new tent, and McCook accordingly refused. In the afternoon, while the Governor was in his office, Colorow came in half drunk, with a revolver in his hand, and going over where McCook was writing, sat down. The Governor took in the situation at a glance, but did not look up.

"McCook liar!" said Colorow.

The Governor went on writing.

"McCook damn liar!" repeated the chief.

Still McCook continued writing.

"McCook G—damn liar!" said Colorow, reaching a climax.

Nevertheless McCook would not look at him.

By this time Colorow had concluded there was no fight in the Governor, and allowed the hand holding the revolver to drop to his side. The move was a bad one. In an instant McCook seized his wrist, knocked the weapon away from him, and catching the astonished savage by the neck, kicked him down stairs and out into the street, where a number of Utes were standing about.

With great tact, McCook pointed to the prostrate and humiliated form of Colorow, and turning to the Utes, said: "Colorow an old woman. Get a man for chief."

Then, turning on his heels, he walked up stairs. The next day the mortified Utes deposed Colorow.—*Colorado paper*

Carrier Pigeons.

Dr. Harvey J Philpot. in a letter to the London Daily Telegraph, writes as follows: "I have made valuable use of the carrier or homing pigeon as an auxiliary to my practice. So easily are these 'unqualified assistants' reared and trained that I am surprised that they are not brought into use by the profession I belong to. My modus operandi is simply this: I take out half a dozen birds massed together in a basket with me on my rounds, and when I have seen my patient, no matter at what distance from home, I write my prescription on a piece of tissue paper, and having wound it around the shank of the bird's leg I gently throw the carrier up into the air. In a few minutes it reaches home, and, having been shut up fasting since the previous evening, without much delay it enters the trap-cage connected with its loft, where it is at once caught by my gardener or dispenser, who knows pretty well the time of its arrival, and relieves it of its dispatches. The medicine is immediately prepared and sent off by the messenger, who is thus saved several hours of waiting, and I an enabled to complete my morning round of visits. Should any patient be very sick, and I am desirous of having an early report of him or her the next morning, I leave a bird to bring me tidings. A short time since I took with me six pairs of birds. I sent a pair of them off from each village I had occasion to visit, every other one bearing a prescription. Upon my return I found all the prescriptions arranged on my desk by my dispenser, who had already made up the medicines."

EVILS OF GOSSIP.—Can the evil wrought by gossip be estimated? We think not. A wise woman can scarcely say too little in company if the conversation trenches in the least on scandal. Many a social, noble-minded woman has been obliged to withdraw herself from a neighborhood intimacy which would have been pleasant otherwise because her remarks are returned by some idle talebearer, so perverted as to make her doubt the existence of genuine friendship, and accept loneliness for the sake of the safety it brought. You say we must talk "about something." Yes, and through that very fact we see a remedy for the evil, to so thoroughly interest ourselver in other and better things that we find no space to spare for our neighbor's affairs. Let us talk of our work, our homes, our house-plants, our books, or our babies. Let us teach our eyes to find beauty everywhere, while we blind them by constant watchfulness to blemishes. Never under any circumstances, cast the first stone. Then if any erring neighbor goes down, you cannot blame yourself for assisting the downfall.

The Cocoanut Tree.

ITS REMARKABLE ADAPTABILITY TO HUMAN REQUIREMENTS.

The cocoanut palm is chiefly confined to the sea-board regions of the tropics, and is rarely found far in the interior, although we remember of having seen several very flourishing trees about the town of Santarim, Brazil, at a distance of 600 miles from the sea-board. Many of the South Sea islands are covered with luxurious groves of these both useful and ornamental trees. How they came there is, to some extent, still involved in mystery, since the currents of the ocean would have to transport fleets of nuts dropped into the surf from the overhanging cliffs of their native homes, before a single one, after completing its far journey, would be cast up high and dry enough by the breakers beating against the lonely shores of these long-distant coral islands of the great Pacific. Since it is conceded that some of these groups, such as the Marquesas islands, have been settled by the natives of Papua as early as the seventh century, it would be more reasonable to ascribe the introduction of the cocoanut to human intervention than to that of the waves, particularly when we bear in mind the importance of the nut to the natives of Southern Asia on account of its nutritive qualities. To the natives of many tropical regions it is equivalent to the date of the Sahara or the Mandioc of South America. The following passage from Bonifas Guizot's botany for youth gives us in the garb of oriental, allegorical language, an idea of the immense advantages which the inhabitants of tropical countries derive from this one single species of palms.

Imagine a traveler passing through one of these countries situated under the burning sky, where coolness and shade are so rare, and where habitations, in which to take repose so necessary to travelers, are only to be found at considerable distances. Panting and dispirited, the poor wanderer at last perceives a hut surrounded by some trees with straight erect stems, surmounted by an immense tuft of green leaves, some being upright and others pendent, giving an elegant aspect to the scene. Nothing else near the cabin indicates cultivated land. At this sight the spirits of the traveler revive, he collects his strength, and is soon under the hospitable roof. His host offers him a sourish drink, he slakes his thirst; it refreshes him. When he has taken his repose, the Indian invites him to share his repast. He serves up various meats, contained in a brown looking vessel, smooth and glossy; he serves up also some wine of an extremely agreeable flavor. Toward the end of the repast his host offers him certain succulent comforts, and he is made to taste some excellent spirits. The astonished traveler asks who in this desert country furnishes him with these things. "My cocoanut tree," is the reply. "The water I presented you with on your arrival is drawn from the fruit before it is ripe, and some of the nuts which contain it weigh three or four pounds. This almond, so delicate in its flavor, is the fruit when ripe. This milk, which you find so agreeable, is drawn from the nut; this cabbage whose flavor is so delicate, is the tops of the cocoanut, but we rarely regale ourselves with this delicacy, for the trees from which the cabbage is cut, die soon after. This wine, with which you are so satisfied, is still drawn from the cocoanut tree. In order to obtain it, an incision is made into the spathe of the flowers. It flows from it in the form of a white liquor, which is gathered in proper vessels, and we call it palm wine; exposed to the air it turns sour and is used as vinegar.

By distillation we obtain this very good brandy which you have tasted. The sap has supplied the sugar, with which these preserves are sweetened. These vessels and utensils have been made out of the shell of the nut. Nor is this all; this habitation itself I owe entirely to these invaluable trees; with their wood my cabin is constructed; their leaves dried and plated form the roof; made into an umbrella, they shelter me from the sun when I walk; the clothes which cover me, are woven out of the filaments of their leaves. These mats, which serve so many useful purposes, proceed from them also. The sifter which you behold was found made to my hand in that part of the tree whence the leaves issue; with the same leaves woven together we make sails for ships; the species of fiber, which envelops the nut, is much preferable to tow for caulking ships, as it does not rot in the water, and swells in imbibing it; it makes excellent strings and all sorts of cable and cordage. Finally, the delicate oil which has seasoned many of our meats, and which is burned in my lamp, is expressed from the fresh kernel." The stranger listened with astonishment to the poor Indian, who by only having his cocoanut trees, had nearly every thing necessary to his existence. When the traveler was again disposed to take his departure, his host once more addressed him: "I am going to write to a friend in the city, may I ask you, to charge yourself with my communication?" "Yes, but will your cocoanut tree still supply you with the materials?" "Certainly," said the Indian, "with the saw-dust severed from the leaves I made the ink, and with the leaves, this parchment; in former times it was used to record all public and memorable acts."

Neglect of Children.

Many a mother has wept over the sins of her child, little dreaming that while she persued her round of idle pleasures, her child was taking its first lessons in sin from the example of a vicious nurse. The truth is, parents take upon themselves too many unnecessary burdens, and consider themselves bound by duty to perform too many tasks, which are of much less consequence than the teaching and training of their children. The father has his trade or profession, and his few leisure hours he must spend in social pleasures. The mother has her household cares to perform, and the comfort of her family to study, and besides these there is so much time to be devoted to fancy work, to visitors, and to amusements of one kind and another. Her children are made secondary considerations, and depend upon the kindness of hirelings. Their dresses may be miracles of puffing, ruffles and embroidery, but what does that count when their minds are dwarfed through neglect? Her house may be a model of neatness, her bread excel that of her neighbors, her jellies and preserves enough to tempt the most fastidious; but if, in all this, she has kept aloof from her child, has chilled his heart toward her, what does it count?

To be able to forget is sometimes a blessing, and so is the act of overlooking.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1883.

AGENTS.

Cochran, Ga. . . . Richard Townsend
Baltimore.....
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B, Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

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Advertisements see rates.

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L. L. Brooks, 1116 F street, northwest.
R. B. Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.

LOCAL.

—Prof. R. T. Greener speaks at Bethel Literary next Tuesday night.

—G. M. Arnold has been appointed to a clerkship in the Adjutant General's office.

—The prize entertainment by the officers of Bethel Church on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday night was a success.

—First grand may ball of the N. E. P. C., will be given at King's Hall, on Monday May 7, 1883. Admission 25 cents. Doors open at 7:30 o'clock.

—Miss Henrietta V. Davis who made her *debut* under such flattering auspices last week leaves to-day for Mew London, Conn., to fill an engagement.

—A grand paper and calico dress party was given at Wayland Hall, Wednesday evening, by the Industrial Club of the 19th street Baptist Church.

—Mr. Albert Dragton passed through the city enroute from Florida to New York. He was a guest at the Arlington.

—We are grieved to state that Mrs. Dr. Watts is no better and the physicians regard the case as very serious with the strong probability that the lady will not recover.

—Miss Amelia L. Tilghman has in accordance with the advice of her physicians, left the city and has taken up her abode at Bennings, the guest of Rev. George W. Brodie.

—If Mr. W. T. Smith does not make haste his brother Walter will precede him in matrimony, for we are informed that he is furnishing his house on M St., preparatory to taking our young school marm Miss H. C. Ricks there next fall.

—Wm Hackett, Wm. H. Hall, J. S. Brown, Wm. H. Griffin, John F. Parker, and N. J. Butler, a committee from Baltimore waited upon the President and Secretary of the Treasury to ask the removal of C. I. Ditty, and a series of resolutions was presented to the President and Secretary. The delegation is composed of some of the prominent men of that city.

—Last Sunday was a grand rally day at 19th srreet Baptist Church. In the morning the collection was $330. In the afternoon Rev. N. M. Carroll of Asbury preached and his choir sang, the amount raised on this occasion was $153,30. At night Rev. J. S. Cowles of John Wesley preached and 157,28 was reallzed—a grand total of $640,58.

—At the election of officers of the 19th street Baptist Sunday School, the following were chosen for the ensuing year: D. A. Clark, Superintendent; Miss R. E. Coakley, Asst. Supt.; Geo. T. Cook, Secretary; Miss Julia Pierre, Asst. Sect.; G B. Anderson, Treasurer; Miss J. W. Mason, Libraria; Miss L. Powell. Jas. Pinn and R. B. Delany, Asst. Librarians

—The Golden Wreath Club will give an entertainment at Lincoln Mission Hall Monday evening the 21st instant. Capital City Guard will be out in full uniform. Admission, fifteen cents. A gold watch will be awarded to the gentleman or lady selling the greatest number of tickets. And to the one selling the next highest, a moss rose tea set, consisting of fifty pieces. May 5-3t.

—The Tabor Choral Association gave their first concert at Shiloh Baptist Church Thursday and Friday evening. The company is composed of the following: Soprano, Mrs. L. Bruce, and Mrs. M. Drew; alto, Miss J. Minor, and Miss M. F. Greene; tenor, Mr C. H. Newton, and L. Gunnell; basso, Mr. Robt. Plummer, and L. G. Williams.

The concert of the schools of the Eighth Division at Lincoln Hall Friday night of last week, was an immense success. The hall was filled to overflowing. The choruses were well rendered. The parts being very nicely balanced, and the voices blending to produce the best possible effect. Miss Mamie Nichols acted as musical directress, and Mr. Henry Johnson, to whose energy its success was largely due, had general supervision.

—The Willing Workers of the Lincoln Memorial Congregational Church, gave an entertainment at Lincoln Mission Monday night that shows what marked progress has been made in the work at that point. A number of young misses and young ladies and boys, in costumes personating different countries, gave recitations which were appeals for Mission support. Solos, duetts, and quartets, interspersed the exercises. The report of the workers was then read by its secretary, Miss Clara Green, which was decidedly flattering.

OBITUARY.

J H. S. PARKER.

The late J. H. S. Parker deserves more than a passing notice. His brief career was full of varied incident. He was a native of Wytheville, Va., the only child of the late James and Julia Parker. His first teachers were Mrs, A. P. Spencer principal in one of our city school and Mrs Ellis now of Savannah, Ga. He learned rapidly from the very first. When in his 17th year he left his mountain home went to Tennessee, and after a brief stay at a Seminary at Lookout Mountain near Chattanooga, taught in the country schools of that state, having several hairbreadth escapes from onslaughts by the Ku Klux. He spent some time in Arkansas, near Little Rock, partly in teaching and in a clerical capacity. He came to this city in 1877. Upon the personal recommendation of President Hayes, who was very favorably impressed by his appearance, he was appointed by P. M. G. D, M. Key to a laborer's position in the Post Office Department. By repeated promotions for his strict attention to duty and his excellence in examinations, he rose from $720 to a clerk of class 1 at a salary of $1200 per annum. In his struggles for promotion he encountered much opposition, especially from the 3rd Asst. Post M General Hazen, who took special pains to sneer at Mr. Parker because of his race, its general unfitness and his ambitions. These Mr. Parker always combatted and in a spirit which did not quail. This helped to raise him in the estimation of his associates. He entered the Law Department of Howard University and graduated in 1881, being one of those on whom the late President Garfield conferred the degree of LL.B., three weeks before his assassination. He made his plans for entering upon the practice of his profession, secured a good library and fixed upon Chattanooga as his home. But the condition of his health was such that he delayed until he could not do effective service or look hopefully to a protracted career. He launched out notwithstanding, having previously taken as the partner of his bosom, in order to the better perform his life work, a lady in the person of Miss Ella P. Lee, well fitted to be his help meet. But their married life was brief, his professional career cut short. Instead of regaining his health he grew worse and on the 19th inst. his unquenchable spirit passed away to meet his earthly and his heavenly father in the Great Beyond. His last hours were peaceful and full of hope for a blessed immortality. His example, his pluck, his ambition should be emulated. From a boy his great ambition was to obtain a higher education, and his mother's prayer, even in slavery, was that her boy be fitted for church or state. Well, do we recollect how his eye sparkled when in 1870 the present writer, then his teacher, showed him a catalogue of Howard University and told him of the golden opportunities which awaited perseverance fidelity, ability; but he is gone—yet not before he had showed an earnest of what he could do and the sacrifice he could make for his people, his country, his God.

The Colored Press.

EDITOR ADVOCATE:—An active experience of some six or seven years, in the business and editorial departments of both colored and white journalism, if the distinction is permissible, has enabled me to have some positive opinions and ideas regarding the extensive realm of newspaperdom. I desire to trespass upon the valuable space of THE ADVOCATE, and the patience of its readers for a limited time.

While I would gladly hail the day of the obliteration of color caste in America, yet I am always disposed to look with great favor upon any institutions or undertaking, successfully managed by colored men, and which tends to increase the sum total of honorable and praiseworthy achievements of the race. And in this connection it may be asserted that I do not believe that the race, as a mass, as yet fully realize the prime importance of an intelligent, progressive, thrilling Press, to record and support the pulpit, schools, colleges, lecturers, and agitators engaged in directing the race onward and up the plane of civilization. Indeed, so powerful is the modern press of to-day, that all powers, influences and authorities quail before it. In ancient times it was said "Inter arma silent leges," but it may now be justly said before the Press, laws are silent. The newspaper is a friend to be conciliated or an enemy to be feared. If the white Press of America is not our enemy bent on the destruction of the race's highest interest it *is not our friend.* How long shall this continue? Until we heed the progressive notes of the slogan of the age and rally to the support of our colored Press, make it a power, able to maintain our racial cause, and to be heeded by this nation, who worship at the altar of color proscription with no regard for the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

And to those who sneer at the colored Press, allow me to say that an age in which Bishops of a church numbering almost half a million, intellectual, cultured men and bowed by the weight of years spent for God and humanity, are compelled to travel on cars like beasts, is no time for the colored race to haul its printing presses into the Atlantic Ocean.

E. T. WARING.

Our Baltimore Letter.

April is noted as the month for showers, but it seems as if we had the exception on Sunday and Monday last in a "settled rain." Quite a number of the "belles" were disappointed in not being able to display the new "spring suit," although in the face of a hard shower, we saw a young man with a white vest and tie in one of our avenues.

We were favored with quite a number of strangers in the several churches. At Bethel, in the morning, the Rev. Mr. Cheeks, of the District, delivered quite an instructive and able discourse.

At Trinity, the Rev. Mr. Becket, of Washington, also delivered an interesting sermon to an appreciative audience. The Rev. Charles Bradwell, of Georgia, assisted Rev. Mr. Fitzhugh, at Allen's Station. At. St. John's, (Rev. Draper, pastor.) Sunday was quite a gala day, the occasion being the re-opening of the church. The auditorium, has undergone a compiete chanee; it has been newly frescoed, new pews, carpets and pulpit furniture, presenting a grand appearance Despite the inclement weather the attendance, all day, was large. ($410.) four hundred and ten dollars. The many members of the guards and riflemen expressed themselves (rain excepted) well pleased with their visit to your city.

Mrs. Langtry (the Jersey lillie) met with quite an ovation in our city last week. The first steamship or the new line between America and the Netherlands arrived at Locust Point, Monday, with a general cargo and a few passengers. Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather a very distinguished audience assembled.

The tenth annual convention of the Maryland State Temperance Alliance was held in the first M. E. Church on Tuesday and Wednesday last, and delegates were present from all the counties in the State. The welcome address was delivered by Rev. J. McK. Reilley, D. D. The response by Rev. H. Branch, of Ellicott City. The following schools of the City were represented by their delegates. North Street Baptist, Sharp Street, Bethel, Knox, Presbyterian. On Wednesday afternoon, Messrs. Ellen Foster addressed the convention upon the "Constitution." The convention closed with a grand mass meeting. On Wednesday evening, at the Masonic Temple, addresses were delivered by Ex-Governor John P. St. John, of Kansas. Local prohibition now prevails in fourteen counties (out of twenty-three) of the State. DOUGLASS.

Bethel Literary.

Bethel Literary was as well filled last Tuesday night as usual. At the hour appointed Prof. Greener, not being presented to open the discussion, Col. G. M. Arnold opened by giving some interesting facts and figures bearing on the industrial condition and pluck of the colored people of Lynchburg., Virginia, where they have one of the finest church edifices in the country among colored people, and of the colored people of North Carolina, where their mechanical skill and enterprise are proverbial.

Further discussion was continued by Messrs. Cromwell, Waring, Asbury, R. T. Moss, Prof. Greener, J. N. Normand, and J. W. Ewing, Mrs. Cary closing.

An Important Item.

THE ADVOCATE man found certain rumors floating in the breeze and set, at once, about finding whether they were false or true. He found that Ex-Senator S. C. Pomeroy and Dr. Stoddard, of Chicago, had called on ex-Senator Bruce for the purpose of pursuading that gentleman to allow his name to be placed at the head of the National Prohibition ticket for 1884. The Register did not consider it wise to be used as above stated, and therefore interposed a modest, yet positive and respectful declination.

Kindergartens.

Speaking of the influence of charity kindergartens on children who have been utterly neglected at home, the New Education says: The first few days the kindergarten is like a menagerie of little wild beasts, tearing and pounding each other, talking profane and foul language, rebellion and selfishness—all vices being displayed in miniature. In a week's time order has dawned, for delightful occupations have chained attention; beautiful sights and sounds and lovely sentiments set to music have charmed eye and ear and heart; harmonious and dramatic plays have been organized; kind words and and caresses have awakened a new sense or enjoyment, and in less than a month it is a little orderly, docile and compliant company, in which all are agreeable to each other forming little friendships and making sacrifices. And yet there are many people who fear that there are practical difficulties in establishing public kindergartens in this country which hardly can be ovecome

THE EVOLUTION OF ART.—It is somewhat amusing to glance back at the successive pursuits which have been dear to the art-loving ladies of the past fifty years. In the early days, when womankind awoke to the fact that art was possible to her, and shook off the thraldom of "samplers," she delighted in "Poonah painting." Next came the rage for filling glasses with variously colored sands, and the absurd mania for sticking little vignettes over china and glass, which rejoiced in half a score of long names, and still lingers in Germany as "Metachromatpyie." Then we had the fashion of obtaining the outlines of natural foliage by splashing India ink all around them, and leaving the image of a group of leaves on finger napkins and table tops. Then came actual art work, and from painting on fans and hand-screens, the young ladies of the present day have arrived at painting on china, and calling it "art pottery," which bids fair to become a drug in the market.

A Barefooted Groom.

About twenty years ago a young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of the Cheat Mountains in West Virgina, made up his mind to be married.

"But you have not a penny," remonstrated his friends.

"I have my hands. A man was given hands—one to scratch for himself, the other for his wife," he said.

On the day of the wedding, Johnson appeared in a whole coat and trowsers, but bare-footed.

"This is hardly decent," said the clergyman. "I will lend you a pair of shoes."

"No," said Johnson, "when I can buy shoes I will wear them—not before."

And he stood up to be married without any thought of his feet.

The same sturdy conduct showed itself in his future course. What he had not money to pay for, he did without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money he saved he bought a couple of acres of timber land and a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground.

His sheep increased. As time flew by he bought more; then he sold off the cheaper kinds, and invested in Southdown and French Merino. His neighbors tried by turns raising cattle, horses, or gave their attention to experimental farming.

Johnson hving ence found that sheep-raising in his district brought a handsome profit, stuck to it. He had that shrewdness in seeing the best way, and that dogged persistence in follwing it, which are the surest elements of success.

Stock-buyers from the Eastern markets found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fail—the end of which course is, the man who married bare-footed is now worth a large property.

The story is an absolutely true one, and may point a moral for the hordes of stout, able-bodied men who crowd the cities complaining that they must starve for want of work.

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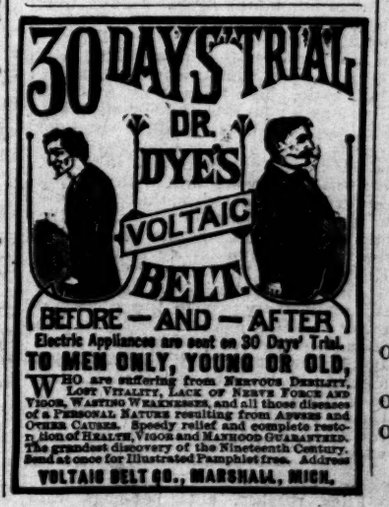
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Why is it, then, that darts shot by the preacher, often from "a bow drawn at a venture," so frequently rebound at his own feet, or are forcibly pulled out of the heart that is hit, and contemptuously flung back in his face?

Without attempting to answer this question proposed, the reader may be interested, if not profited, by the record of two specimen hits, selected at random, from a somewhat varied experience.

Some time since, a Christian lady became displeased at her pastor. A coldness on her part ensued which he could not account for. At length an inquiry elicted the explanation that the cause of umbrage was a sermon he had preached was intended to "hit" her, and consequently she felt very much "hurt."

As she readily recalled the text of the sermon, it was not a difficult matter to refer to the manuscript. Her mortification on finding that the "offensive discourse," which had been repeated verbatim, was written years before her acquaintance with the minister began, can more easily be imagined than described.

More recently the writer took occasion at a public meeting to allude to the fact that weak Christians sometimes allowed themselves to be used as a "cat's paw" by designing men, who, instead of sympathizing with, simply laughed at their victim after he had been burned. The point was illustrated by the well known fable of the monkey and the chestnuts.

At the conclusion of the service a very matter of fact brother button-holed the speaker and asked:

"Did you mean me, when telling that story about the cat?"

"By no means," was the reply; "you were not in my thoughts at the time; your presence in the house was not even known to me."

With a self-satisfied air the injured brother was about to depart, when my hand, laid upon his shoulder, arrested him.

"So," said I, "you have been pulling somebody's chestnuts out of the fire have you? Well, now, before you go just relieve your mind by making a 'clean breast' of the whole matter."

He blushed deeply, looked down at the floor, muttered something, and went away evidently "hit" and somewhat "hurt," but preferring to expose the wound no further.

By a strange perversity of human nature, not uncommon, these two persons had received "hits" that were never intended for them. And, instead of seeking to cure the "hurt," by righting the wrong which had made them so sensitive, they only aggravated it by cherishing hard feelings towards him who had unconciously smitten them for their good.

Don't Waste the Crumbs.

The other morning we happened into a large city yard to see a humane friend feeding his "pets," as he called them. He was scattering around merely the crumbs from his table; and it was surprising to see the number and variety of pets he had collected, though he had no proprietorship in any of them. Quite a flock of hens and chickens from adjoining premises came at his call, as well as pigeons and sparrows, and all affectionately availed themselves of his bounty, appearing to be the best of friends with each other, and with their benefactor. Our friend seemed to be very much pleased with his proteges, and regarded this experience as the pleasantest of the day, next to his family associations. The incident will furnish a hint to other families which should be remembered. In all parts of the city and country there are bright-eyed birds, whose close friendship may be cultivated in a similar inexpensive manner. The crumbs from a breakfast table will furnish a sufficient meal for a good many of the little busy sparrows that now live in our streets and parks. There is a natural pleasure experienced in satisfying the wants of living creatures, and especially in feeding and taking care of innocent birds. Often these little acts of kindness are forgotten or neglected amid the busy cares of life, but the happiness they afford to the objects of our care never fails to touch a counter chord in the human heart. Ladies, do not burn the crumbs of bread and meat from your tables. Think of the little birds and the work they have to do in rearing their young and feeding them.

Cholera Morbus.

Cholera morbus is about the meanest thing a man can have and the easiest thing he can get. It lies around loose and jumps on a person without any previous warning, and once on it rides until it gets tired. It comes like a thief in the night, and steals a man's sleep and his peace of mind at the same time. It falls on the just and the unjust, and no one knows at what hour of the night he will have to get up and hustle around after Jamaica ginger to pour on the troubled ice water he has drank during the day. Verily, all is vanity and vexation of spirit, but the cholera morbus is more than this. There is nothing on earth to equal it for genuine misery, and we doubt if Hannibal could produce any thing worse. It starts from any where and travels alone, but it gets its work in as effectually as if there was a whole crowd. It is not a citizen of the United States but it summers here with all the regularity of a poor relation. It is the sworn enemy of temperance and the bosom friend of the devil. It will tackle any thing that has life except a chronic bore and an English sparrow, and they only escape because they are blood relations. The man who can wrestle with a healthy cholera morbus and retain his piety is entitled to the finest harp on the golden shore and a reserved seat in the celestial circle. His price is far above rubies, and he is a correspondingly rare article. This is about all we know about cholera morbus, and as a sort of three-cornered sensation is beginning to make itself felt several inches below our heart we will drop the subject before it becomes painful.—*Quincy Herald.*

The historical home of President Madison, "Montpelier," is about eighty miles south of Washington, in Orange county, Va., and contains over 1,000 acres of land; eighty acres about the house are improved. In front of the house is a white pine grove which was planted by Madison in his youth. Near also is a walnut grove. The house is similar to those at Mt. Vernon and Monticello, being of brick and stone, with a portico supported by stone columns. The remains of President Madison, with those of his parents, rest in the family burying ground on the place.

Maxims for Everybody.

Pay as you go.

Don't stop and tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.

No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons.

Never fool in business matters.

Have order, system, regularity and also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

More miles can be made in a day by going steadily than by stopping.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Learn to say No. No necessity for snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Use your own brains rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

A tart temper seldom mellows with age.

A jewel is a jewel still, though lying in the dust.

Allow people to think as well of each other as they can.

An unruly tongue is harder to control than a vicious horse.

A character that will not defend itself is rarely worth defending.

A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not his vices.

As the next to having wisdom ourselves is to profit by that of others, so the next thing to having merit ourselves is to take care that the meritorious profit by us; for he that rewards the deserving makes himself one of the number.

Cautions in Eating.

1. Of course, don't eat too much. The digestive fluids are limited in quantity. All above enough is undigested, irritating and weakening the system, and often causing paralysis of the brain by drawing on the nervous force more rapidly than it is generated.

2. Don't eat between meals. The stomach must rest, or it will sooner or later break down. Even the heart has to rest between the beats.

3. Don't eat a full meal when exhausted. The stomach is as exhausted as the rest of the body.

4. Don't take lunch a at noon and eat heartily at night. The whole digestive system needs to share in the rest and recuperation of sleep. Besides, the tendency is to put a full meal into a weakened stomach.

5. Don't substitute stimulus for food—like many women who do half a day's work on strong coffee or tea. As well, in the case of a horse substitute the whip for oats.

6. Don't have a daily monotony of dishes. Variety is necessary for relish, and relish is necessary to good digestion.

7. Don't eat blindly. There can be nothing in the body—muscles, membranes, bones, nerve, brain—which is not in our food. One article furnishes one or more elements, and another others. We could starve on fine flour. Some articles do not nourish, only warm.

8. Eat according to the season—one-third less in summer than in winter. In the latter fat meat, sugar, and starch are appropriate, as being heat-makers; in the former, milk, vegetables, and every variety of ripe fruit.

9. Eat with cheer. Cheer promotes digestion; care, fret and passion arrest it. Lively chat, racy anecdotes, and innocent gossip are better than Halford sauce.

Poisonous Fishes.

Fournol gives a summary of the present knowledge concerning poisonous fishes, which appears to be a source of grave danger. There are fishes perfectly harmless at some seasons of the year, but poisonous at others. This has been observed in Japan with the common salmon, the bonito, and the albicore. The symptoms are like those caused by the indigestion of corrupted meat, and, though alarming are rarely, fatal. Other fishes, are wholesome when young, but become poisonous when they attain a certain growth. Other aquatic animals—the conger, the pike, the barbel, the prawn, and the mussel—are occasionally and capriciously poisonous. In one instance a number of persons who had just partaken of the spawn of a large barbel, experienced very severe symptoms of poisoning, while one of the party, who had not eaten any of the spawn, escaped. The liver and the head of several species of fish inhabiting different parts of the world are found exceptionally dangerous. The occasionally poisonous actions of mussels, oysters, etc., is ascribed by eminent authorities to their having eaten the eggs of the star-fish, which are occasionally found in these mollusks on dissection, and which, when handled, produce cutaneous irritation. Other fishes appear to be poisonous at all times and under all circumstances. Prudence dictates that the roe, liver, etc., of all unknown fishes should be carefully avoided, and it is doubtful whether fishes too small to admit of the removal of the alimentary canal, with its possible contents, should be eaten at all.

"Hands Off!"

Olive Logan, who ought to be considered good authority on any subject she writes about, gives the following advice to young girls. She undoubtedly "knows how it is herself," or did long, long ago.

"A woman's safeguard is to keep a man's hands off her. If you need his assistance in walking take his arm instead of him taking yours. Just tell him in plain English to 'hands off!' He may not like it at first, but he will respect you in the future ten-fold more. Men will be and do just what the women allow them to do. Men will not do to trust. Give a man your arm and you will find him very confidential, and he will take a great many privileges he would not take if he was not permitted to do so. He will give your arm many loving squeezes and sly twists that he could have no opportunity of doing, and the opportunity is just what he is after. A few words more of advice and I close. Keep young girls off the street except when they have business. Teach them it is unnecessary to go to the post-office every time they go out. Your girls can walk alone just as well as your boys. Don't allow your girls, if they must have a beau, to go with a boy much older than themselves. If possible, instill into their very nature that they are safer in the hands of any man—preachers not excepted.

Flies and Bugs

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats mice, gopher chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats. 15c.

Household Cares.

SOME PERTINENT SUGGESTIONS.

If the voto of women could be taken on the question of housekeeping, it would be a matter of great surprise to men to learn the result. The business as it is conducted at present would be voted out of existence, or, failing in that, the voice of the majority would be for boarding. The work of the household has increased greatly within a quarter of a century, and he servant of the period is not an improvement upon the typical one of the past. The luxuries which one by one have come to women, the multitudinous things that are required to make homes attractive, and the modern houses which have their mountainous stairs to weary weak backs, are all things which have combined to make housekeeping a drudgery. Time and strength are consumed while the routine work is being performed, and the intelligent minds of American women rebel constantly.

What can be done? Break up homes, and live in those modern caravansaries—hotels? Not so. The remedy lies in simplifying home life; in leaving out of houses the endless traps that are hard to keep clean, and harder still to make, and by putting in homes nothing too good for hard usage.

Women need to know so much that they do not know, and cannot while they worry and fret over lambrequins and pillow-shams, tidies and Hamburg berders on clothing, that it is discouraging to try to fight the matter at all. They are trying to do their best, working early and late, saving here and spending there, judiciously as they hope, yet never realizing any blessing for themselves or others. What is a nice parlor or a fine dinner to a visitor, if the hostess is a dull, worn out person? The guest who is bidden to enjoy such hospitality is cheated out of better company at home, and deserves an apology rather than offer thanks for such attentions as are extended.

Housewives do not emancipate themselves from the thralldom put upon them by a variety of conditions. In the first place, their homes are not adapted to housekeeping. Men, and not women, plan houses, and the sole idea in view in building them is to get the largest number on the smallest possible space. Then women, having inconveniences of this kind to start with, make every effort to overcome them by furnishings. Fashion has to be consulted in this latter matter, and upholstered articles that get soiled and fade out are bought when the family purse cannot afford it. Nice china or glass is purchased when ignorant or careless help will make quick work of it; and the company rooms are furnished as richly a possible, when in fact the social circle in which the family move is so limited that a sittingroom would answer every purpose.

If cheap carpets, and stone-ware, and plain clothing should be fashionable for all people, how soon the burdens would drop away from the shoulders of the majority of the housekeepers. How soon would the fault-finding and complaining cease, and the dull women become intelligent, interested members of the family circle. Suppose the pillow-cases have no shams; it would be all the better for the home-life of homes. Shams should be unknown in them any way, and real pillow-cases would give more satisfaction.

Then sound common sense should save women from wasting their time on ruffles and fallals that add nothing but wrinkles to all brows. Households, as they are now, seem to be run for the benefit of lookers-on, rather than the comfort of inmates, and the result is a generally dissatisfied army of housekeepers. It is not amazing that they are dissatisfied, for that argus appreciation of uncongenial work, and those who are **alive to the fact that their tasks hurt** them in a spiritual sense have one hope of saving themselves.

Simplify life; this is the way through which women may hope to rise to an estate wherein they will find themselves serene and patient, honest and true. It were worth all of life to live if the best half of humanity could be lifted out of drudgery of a domestic kind and placed where the home would be what the Divine Power designed it should be, a temple where

"Sin and evils cease,
And only rest and peace
Continually are found."

—*New York Weekly.*

The Deepest Well in the World.

The sinking of the deep artesian well near Buda Pesth, Hungary, was commenced as far back as 1868, and during its progress many interesting facts relating to geology and underground temperature were brought to light. The total depth is 3,200 feet, and the temperature of the water it yields is nearly 168 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of the mud brought up by the borer was taken every day, and was found to increase rapidly, in spite of the loss of heat during its ascent, down to a depth of 2,300 to 2,760 feet. Beyond this point the increase was not so marked. At a depth of 3,000 feet the temperature was 177 degrees Fahrenheit, giving an average increase of one for every twenty-three feet bored. Water first commenced to well up at a depth of 3,070 feet; here its temperature was 110 degrees Fahrenheit, and from this point onward it rapidly increased both in quantity and temperature. Thus, at 2,092 feet, the temperature had already risen to 150 degrees Fahrenheit, and the yield in twenty-four hours from 9,500 to 44,000 gallons. Finally, when the boring had reached 3,200 feet, at which point it was stopped, the temperature of the water, as it burst from the orifice of the tube, was 165 degrees Fahrenheit, and the volumetric yield 262,000 gallons in the twenty-four hours. The yield was afterwards reduced to 167,200 gallons on account of the bore being lined with wooden tubes, which reduced its diameter. The water obtained disengages carbolic acid in abundance, and also contains nitrogen and a little suphurated hydrogen, and eighty grains per gallon of mineral matters, chiefly sulphates and carbonates of potash, soda, lime, and magnesia.

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